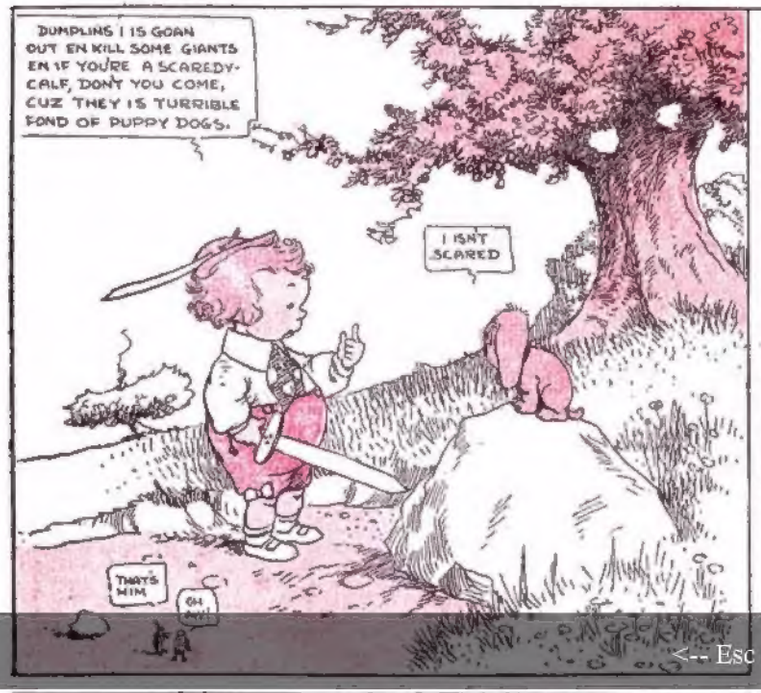
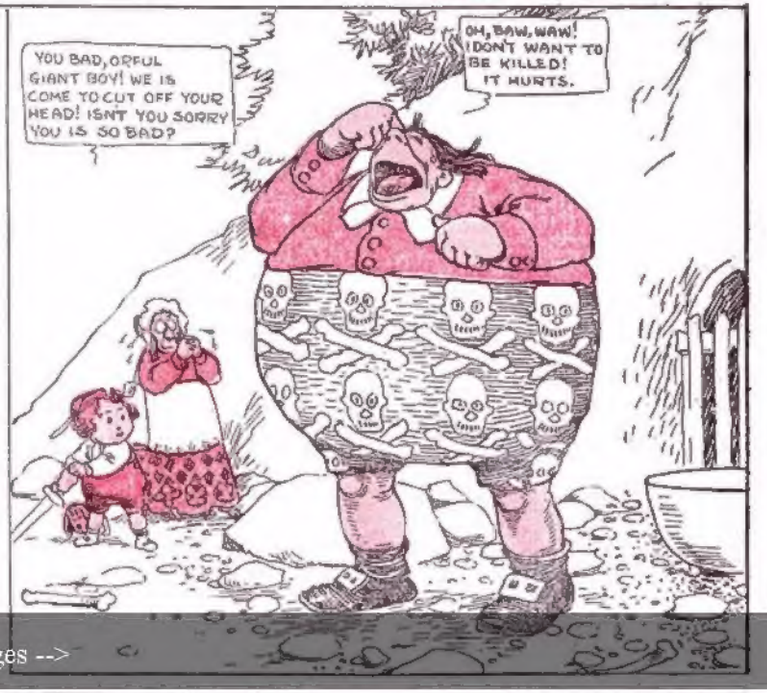
Jack the Giant Killer.


DUMPLINS I IS GOAN OUT EN KILL SOME GIANTS EN IF YOU'RE A SCAREDY-CALF, DONT YOU COME, CUZ THEY IS TURRIBLE FOND OF PUPPY DOGS.
I ISN'T SCARED
THAT'S HIM
OH!

WHIR IS THE TURRIBLE GIANT? ME EN DUMPLINS IS GOAN TO KILL HIM.
OH LITTLE BOY! RUN HOME! PLEASE DONT HURT THE GIANT IM HIS MAMMA!
LESS GOAN KILL HIM. LESS GO HOME



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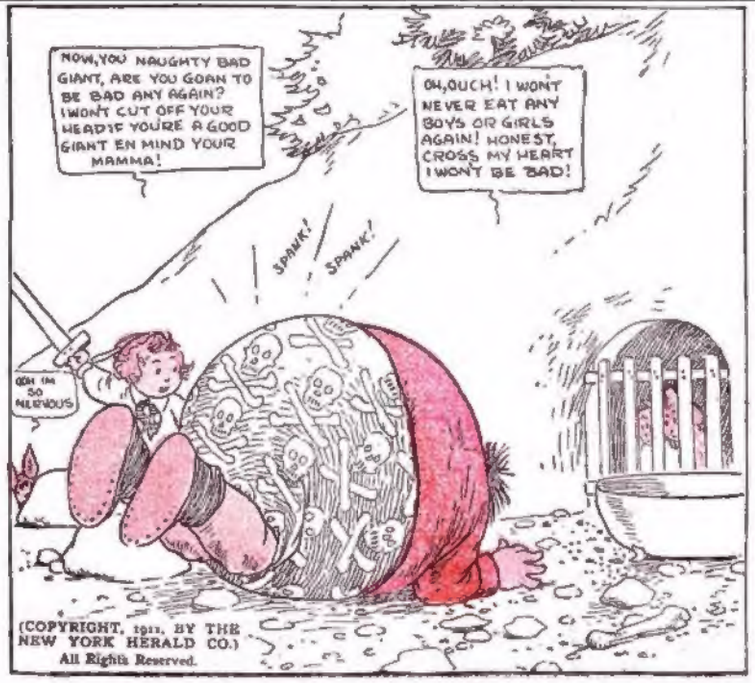
NOW, YOU NAUGHTY BAD GIANT, ARE YOU GOAN TO BE BAD ANY AGAIN? I WONT CUT OFF YOUR HEAD IF YOU'RE A GOOD GIANT EN MIND YOUR MAMMA!
OH, OUCH! I WONT NEVER EAT ANY BOYS OR GIRLS AGAIN! HONEST, CROSS MY HEART I WONT BE BAD!
SPANK! SPANK!
OOH IM SO NERVOUS
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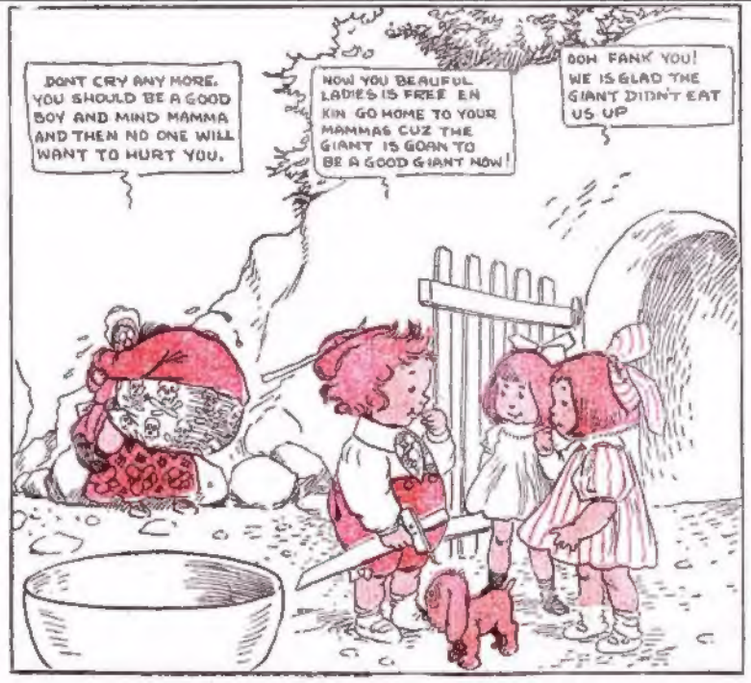
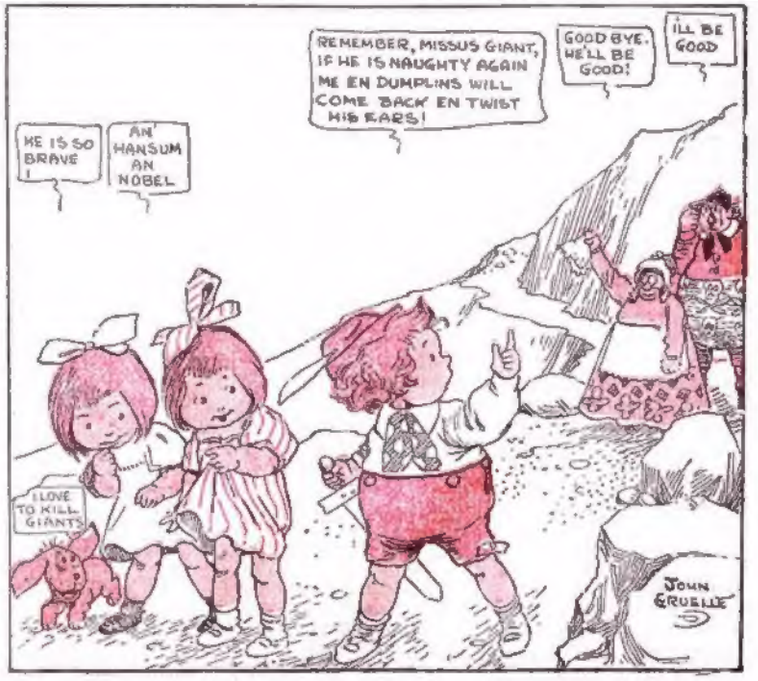

DONT CRY ANY MORE. YOU SHOULD BE A GOOD BOY AND MIND MAMMA AND THEN NO ONE WILL WANT TO HURT YOU.
NOW YOU BEAUFUL LADIES IS FREE EN KIN GO HOME TO YOUR MAMMAS CUZ THE GIANT IS GOAN TO BE A GOOD GIANT NOW!
OOH FANK YOU! WE IS GLAD THE GIANT DIDN'T EAT US UP


REMEMBER, MISSUS GIANT, IF HE IS NAUGHTY AGAIN ME EN DUMPLINS WILL COME BACK EN TWIST HIS EARS!
GOOD BYE. HE'LL BE GOOD!
I'LL BE GOOD
HE IS SO BRAVE
AN' HANSUM AN NOBEL
I LOVE TO KILL GIANTS
JOHN GRUELLE

Jack the Giant Killer.

GRANMA GAVE ME SOME BEANS TO PLANT AND THEY GREW UP TO THE SKY AND NOW SHE WONT LET ME CLIMB UP AND SEE WHAT'S UP THERE BOO HOO-OO!
WHY IS YOU CRYING SO HARD, MISTER POOR OLD MAN?

OH GOODY!! THEN WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT'S UP THERE?
NOW YOU STAY THERE EN I'LL CLIMB UP EN SEE WHAT'S UP THERE NEN COME DOWN EN TELL YOU. BUT DONT YOU TRY TO CLIMB, CUZ YOU MIGHT FALL

NOW, DUMPLINS, WE IS UP TO THE TOP EN IT IS A TURRIBLE GIANT COUNTRY. IM GLAD I BROUGHT MY SWORD WITH ME CUZ WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT EM I SPECT!
DID YOU HAVE ANY LUCK LAST NIGHT, GEORGE?
YES, HENRY. I ROBBED AN OLD WOMAN OF 6 PENNIES.
I GUESS ILL GO DOWN AGAIN

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HURRY EN KILL HIM I CANT HOLD HIM MUCH LONGER
I HEARD YOU, YOU BAD GIANT, NOW YOU GIVE ME THOSE PENNIES YOU STOLED FROM THE POOR OLD WOMAN OR I'LL CUT OFF YOUR NECK!!
OH DONT CUT OFF MY NECK! I'LL GIVE YOU THE PENNIES AND I'LL GIVE YOU A HEN THAT LAYS GOLDEN EGGS.
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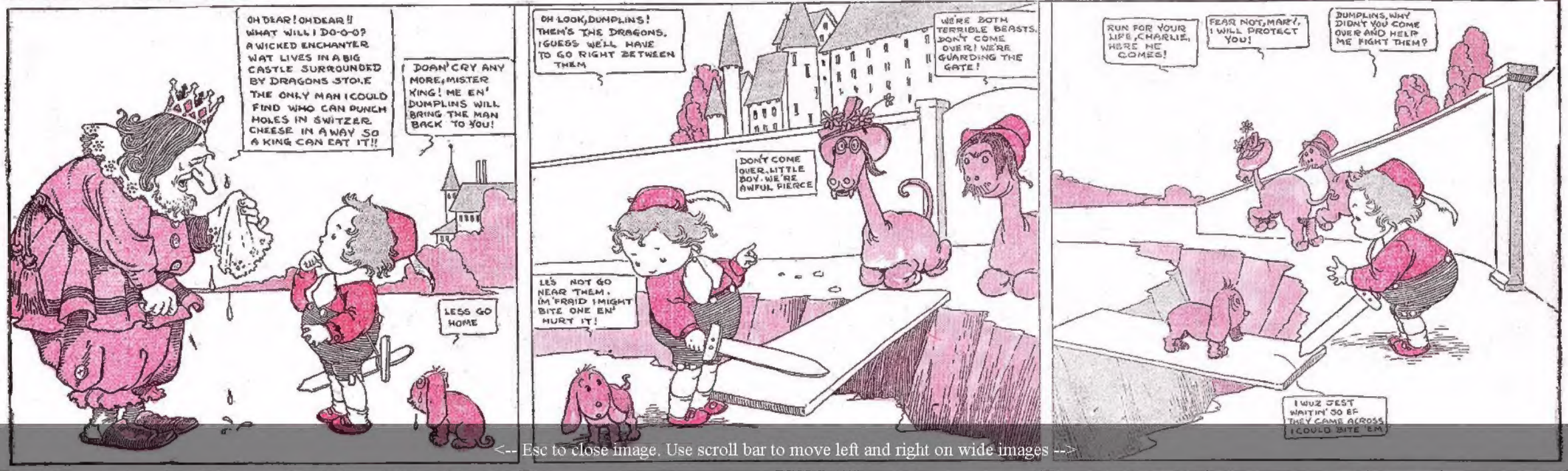
OH GOODY GOODY GOUCH! THEY WERE GRANMA'S PENNIES. LET'S RUN AND GIVE THEM TO HER.
JEST ES SOON ES I CUT DOWN THE BEAN STALK THEN WE'LL GO. I'M 'FRAID THE GIANTS MIGHT COME DOWN EN TAKE THE PENNIES AWAY FROM YOU AGAIN

YOU CAN HAVE THE HEN WHAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS TOO. EN SELL THE EGGS FOR MORE PENNIES EN I DONT WANT NUTHIN, CUZ I'M AWFUL RICH EN 'SIDES I LIKE BREAD EN BUTTER EN JELLY BETTERN I DO EGGS
OH THANK YOU! YOU ARE SO BRAVE AND GOOD! SHALL I COOK YOU AN EGG?
GRANMA, CAN I HAVE A GOLDEN EGG FRIED FOR SUPPER?
I'D LIKE A HARD BOILED GOLDEN EGG
JOHN GRUELLE.

Jack the Giant Killer


OH DEAR! OH DEAR!! WHAT WILL I DO-O-O? A WICKED ENCHANTER WAT LIVES IN A BIG CASTLE SURROUNDED BY DRAGONS STOLE THE ONLY MAN I COULD FIND WHO CAN PUNCH HOLES IN SWITZER CHEESE IN A WAY SO A KING CAN EAT IT!!
I DOAN' CRY ANY MORE, MISTER KING! ME EN' DUMPLINS WILL BRING THE MAN BACK TO YOU!
LESS GO HOME
OH LOOK, DUMPLINS! THEM'S THE DRAGONS. I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GO RIGHT BETWEEN THEM
WE'RE BOTH TERRIBLE BEASTS. DON'T COME OVER! WE'RE GUARDING THE GATE!
DON'T COME OUER, LITTLE BOY. WE'RE AWFUL FIERCE
LES NOT GO NEAR THEM. I'M 'FRAID I MIGHT BITE ONE EN' HURT IT!
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE, CHARLIE, HERE HE COMES!
FEAR NOT, MARY, I WILL PROTECT YOU!
DUMPLINS, WHY DIDN'T YOU COME OVER AND HELP ME FIGHT THEM?
I WUZ JEST WAITIN' SO EF THEY CAME ACROSS I COULD BITE 'EM

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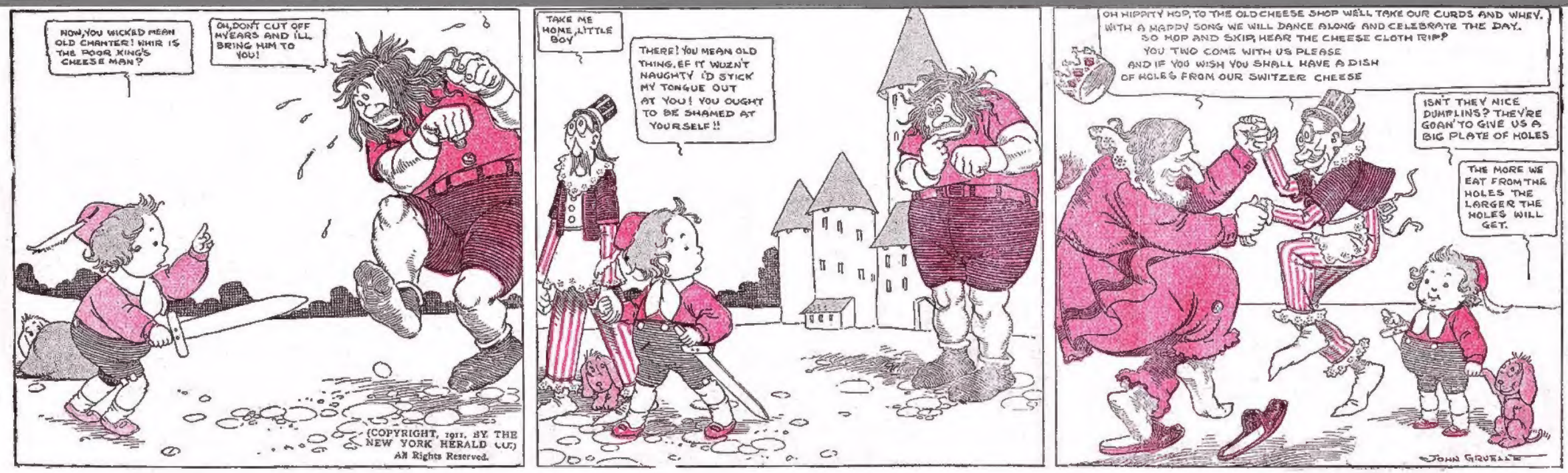
NOW, YOU WICKED MEAN OLD CHANTER! WHIR IS THE POOR KING'S CHEESE MAN?
OH, DON'T CUT OFF MY EARS AND I'LL BRING HIM TO YOU!
TAKE ME HOME, LITTLE BOY
THERE! YOU MEAN OLD THING. EF IT WUZN'T NAUGHTY I'D STICK MY TONGUE OUT AT YOU! YOU OUGHT TO BE SHAMED AT YOURSELF!!
OH HIPPITY HOP, TO THE OLD CHEESE SHOP WE'LL TAKE OUR CURDS AND WHEY. WITH A HAPPY SONG WE WILL DANCE ALONG AND CELEBRATE THE DAY. SO HOP AND SKIP, HEAR THE CHEESE CLOTH RIP? YOU TWO COME WITH US PLEASE AND IF YOU WISH YOU SHALL HAVE A DISH OF HOLES FROM OUR SWITZER CHEESE
ISN'T THEY NICE DUMPLINS? THEY'RE GOAN' TO GIVE US A BIG PLATE OF HOLES
THE MORE WE EAT FROM THE HOLES THE LARGER THE HOLES WILL GET.
JOHN GRUELLE

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